OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."..........................SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME II.] PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1825. [NUMBER 60.

THE REFLECTOR.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

What gives to life its greatest zest?
What makes seem light affliction's load?
What keeps us humble, when prosperity
Would lift us up? What guides our youth
Along the slipp'ry way? In manhood, what
Prevents undue anxiety and care
About the trifles of this wretched world?
What smooths the slow descent to age
And makes e'en hoary hairs give us delight?
What blunts the dart of death, and bids us smile,
When the Grim Messenger, within our view,
Says, come with me? What is it, in a word,
But this—A HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE? C.

From the New-London Advocate.

THE GRAVE-YARD.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The path of glory leads but to—THE GRAVE."

"Conamur tenues grandia."

I love to wander in the GRAVE-YARD.—It is pleasant to depart from the troubles of life, to a retired and still place, which is endeared by the memory of departed friends, and solemnize our minds in reflecting on the times we have spent with them—and the time when we must meet them in other scenes. We forget, in such a situation, the passions and distractions, we every where else experience. It is the Sabbath of the soul. It is like an hour devoted to peace, and sacred to virtue. We can have no communion with the dead. We cannot embrace their bones and kiss their ashes. The ruin of mortality is loathsome. But our spirits can meet in the purest regions of the air, and hold "colloquy sublime."

The GRAVE is sacred.—Here is the abode of something, embalmed with tears and hallowed by friendship. There is no defence about it—it is powerless. But it is protected by a shade of awful mystery, which no arm dare raise. When any one with the hand of sacrilege, profanes this holy sanctuary, he is doing something more than transgressing the laws of his fellow-beings—he is blasting the tenderest and most sacred feelings of the heart; and is tearing from his own bosom, the commission that could give him claim to the rights of humanity.

The GRAVE-YARD is the source of the most dear and melancholy association.—We remember the times when we have followed to this place the bodies of those we most loved. We remember to have felt here those emotions which are the strongest of the heart—in parting forever with them whom we knew and admired and cherished with the fondest affection.

When we see the body of a fellow-being committed to the tomb—when we know that all connexion with one so dear as a friend are ended, the emotions we experience are so touching and so withering that I believe none can be more exquisite. We never know ourselves so well as then. We never see in so clear a light the vanity of mortal pursuits. These feelings, when the event which occasioned them are recent in the mind, draw it off from every other thought, and contracts all its sensibility to one centre-point of affliction, which wounds the heart to torture by its intensity. But when familiarity with the scene—when an interval has softened and blended these keen pangs into a serene and tender melancholy—we can observe the advantages which such shocks work on the heart. Though they may seem like the lightning, which, to purify the air, scaths and rends; or the earthquake, which makes the world tremble, and leaves behind it dreadful mementos of its desolation: Yet these events, like these convulsions of the elements, which make the earth a safe habitation, while they remind us so powerfully of our meanness and our end, make us humble—recalling to our minds the virtues of our friends, incite us to imitate them in the duties of benevolence and philanthropy; and remove also the selfish considerations of common life—dwelling in the heart like an angel of mercy—making every emotion pure, and recollection sacred.

All may look on the GRAVE as a place where they have a general right—and where all will be gathered to the arms of death. Here is acted the last scene—and here is perfected the great catastrophe of Nature. Who views it with abhorrence? It is a quiet and lasting resting-place from all disturbance and sorrow. The old and the weary may sleep here peacefully. Those who have contended with a life of misfortune and drank the bitterest cup of its vexation, may come here and say, that their cares are ended.

To this place can the Saint look with peculiar desire.—He is tired of his sufferings—he is anxious for the reward which has been promised him. He cannot look on the GRAVE and shudder at its solemnity and solitude—but considers it as the entrance which, after his sorrowful pilgrimage on the journey of life, will admit him, lonely and wretched as he is, to his mother's bosom—in a peaceful home. For him its darkness is illuminated by the bright glory of heavenly hope—and that light guides him to the world above.

This is the place to feel.—While we are forcibly convinced of our depravity and degradation, we incline to favor and forgive the faults of those around us; and knowing that our remains must soon mingle with the dust of the meanest beggar, we are willing, even before we meet there, to call him a brother.

It is the place to learn wisdom.—The perfection of human knowledge is the knowledge of self. When we draw away from the world and hold communion with ourselves in a place lonely and sacred—when we lay over the tomb of a friend, and his spirit of remembrance descends upon us—the heart fills and expands with the flow of sensibility. We mourn over our errors and frailties; we look with regret on the past—but with *hope* on the future. We are never so convinced of our weakness as when we look over a whole field filled with all that was noble and fair in man; and we never raise our hearts and eyes to heaven, in purer devotion and brighter anticipation, than when we long to have done with life; and make haste to pass through this dark passage, which we know will introduce us to that HOLY RETREAT, where the *weary rest in peace* and *none live but the* JUST.

We cannot, then, visit this place too often, to learn the most solemn lessons of humility and of wisdom. Our hearts are clear, when surrounded with such associations, from wicked thoughts and proud aspirings.

Who could indulge in dreams of pride and of ambition—who would feel bitterness against his enemy, or would form schemes of guilty pleasure, when, perhaps, he was standing on the Grave of one who had been gay and proud with him; or who had been his enemy, but now was humble and helpless, and gone from him forever? Who could commit a crime, when standing by the Grave of a FATHER? There is a feeling of the heart which makes it pure and fit for good impressions—when it is melted by the remembrance of former love and early and continued endearment, which we can know and feel no more. When we reflect on the tenderness of a departed parent—the solicitude and the sorrows; the prayers and the tears, which are so often the witnesses of a Father's care—all the sweet dreams and fancies of childhood return; we remember how we have played on his knee and hid in his bosom—we love to recall the times, when we could throw on him the burden of all our cares; and find with that sympathizing friend, protection and advice in all our little troubles. We feel most bitterly how often we have offended and pained his tender bosom with our disobedience and unkindness; and when all these scenes and recollections press on our memories, we forget all our wonted worldly views and interests, and become children again. O! I would as soon disturb, and be sacrilegious to his ashes as to commit a single evil deed, or to indulge one impure thought on that holy ground, where the honored bones of my Father are resting.

It is consecrated not only by memory and affection—it has the grief of your most unhappy moments; and has been watered not only by your own tears, but been the altar on which your Mother has poured out the incense of her sorrows, and to which she has committed herself as the last act of heart-broken devotion: By *a* GRAVE, I have said "a man may learn a lesson of humility and wisdom;" but the warmest sympathies and softest emotions of the heart can be awakened, when he reclines his head on the bosom of the tomb, which shields and hides the ashes of her whom he once called MOTHER. On that bosom he once laid and sunk with the music of her lullaby into sweet slumber. The arms which once folded us in their embrace are weak. The form which once appeared before us in all the loveliness of maternal endearment, is now without shape or motion. Is there nothing tender in these recollections, and nothing melancholy in the remembrance that we are motherless? When we lose a Mother we have lost the FOUNTAIN, *from which we have drank the purest and richest nectar of love.* We are deprived of the dearest friend on earth. When we languish in sickness, a Mother's hand will make the pillar softest—our head will still its pain, when her hand presses its temples; her look is the kindest—her comfort the most cheering—her affection the most endearing. If we are in a foreign land, and among strangers, the memory of our Mother at home, will sooth the pain of solitude and the weariness of business. If all look on us with indifference and neglect, we know that there is *one* TENDER HEART, throbbing with anxiety for our safety and happiness; and that this love will never cease, though an ocean may roll between and years may separate us. Sickness and sorrow, time and distance may alter and deform us; but the eyes of a Mother will be quick to know, and her arms be always glad to receive us—though we are poor and despised.

The world may think of us as it will—may drive us from its society, and disgrace our name—a Mother's home will be a refuge, where we shall always be welcomed; she will heal our hearts with the sweetest balm of love, and never wound them by one unkind reproach.

The affection of a Mother never abates. After we are sent into the world—if we are prosperous, our fathers, comparatively, leave us to our own concerns—but our Mother still looks to us with the warmest remembrance and in nothing is separate from our interests. Can any heart know better sentiments and feelings than these? THEY ARE FELT IN THE GRAVE-YARD.

MISCELLANY.

THE GENEROUS SEAMAN.

GEORGE CORNISH, a native of London, was brought up to the sea. After making several voyages to the East Indias in the capacity of mate, he obtained the command of a ship in the country trade there, and passed many years of his life in sailing from one port to another of the company's different settlements, and residing at intervals on shore with the superintendant of their commercial concerns. Having by these means acquired a moderate fortune, and being now beyond the meridian of life, he felt a strong desire of returning to his native country, and seeing his family and friends, concerning whom he had received no tidings for a long period. He realized his property, settled his affairs, and taking his passage for England, arrived in the Downs after an absence of 16 years.

He immediately repaired to London, and went to the house of an only brother, whom he had left possessed of a genteel place in a public office. He found that his brother was dead and the family broken up; and he was directed to the house of one of his neices, who had married and settled at a small distance from the town. On making himself known, he was received with great respect and affection by the married neice, and a single sister who resided with her; to which good reception, the idea of his bringing back with him a large fortune did not a little contribute. They pressed him in the most urgent manner to take up his abode there, and omitted nothing that could testify their dutiful regard to so near a relation. On his part, he was sincerely glad to see them, and presented them with some valuable Indian commodities, which he had brought with him. They soon began a conversation concerning the family events that had taken place during his long absence. Mutual condolences passed on the death of the father; the mother had been dead long before. The Captain, in the warmth of his heart declared his intentions of befriending the survivors of the family, and his wishes of seeing the second sister as comfortably settled in the world as the first seemed to be.

"But," said he, "are you two the only ones? What is become of my little smiling playfellow, Amelia? I remember her as if it were yesterday, coming behind my chair, giving me a sly pull, and then running away that I might not follow her for a kiss; I should be sorry if any thing had happened to her."—"Alas, sir," said the eldest niece, "she has been the cause of an infinite deal of trouble to her friends! She was always a giddy girl, and her misconduct has proved her ruin. It would be happy if we could all forget her."—"What! then," said the uncle, "has she dishonored herself? Poor creature!" "I cannot say," replied the niece, "that she has done so, in the worst sense of the word: but she has disgraced herself and her family by a hasty, foolish match with one beneath her, and has ended as might have been expected, in poverty and wretchedness." "I am glad," returned the Captain, "that it is no worse; for though I much disapprove of improper matches, yet young girls may fall into greater evils, and where there is no crime, there can be no irreparable disgrace. But who is the man—what did my brother say to it?" "Why, sir, I cannot say, but it was partly my father's fault, for he took a sort of liking to the young man, who was a drawing-master employed in the family, and would not forbid him the house after we had informed him of the danger of an attachment between Amelia and him. So when it was too late, he fell into a violent passion about it, which had no other effect than to drive the girl directly into her lover's arms. They married, and soon fell into difficulties. My father, of course, would do nothing for them, and when he died he not only disinherited her, but made us promise no longer to consider her as a sister." "And did you make that promise?" said the Captain, in a tone of surprise and displeasure. "We could not disobey our parent," said the eldest sister; "but we have several times sent her relief in her necessities, though it was improper for us to see her." "And pray what became of her at last—where is she now?" "Really she and her husband have shifted their lodgings so often, that it is sometime since we heard any thing about them." "Sometime!—how long?" "Perhaps half a year or more." "Poor outcast," cried the Captain, in a sort of half-muttered voice, "I have made no promise to renounce thee." "Be pleased, madam," addressing himself gravely to the married niece, "to favor me with the last direction you had to this unfortunate sister." She blushed, and looked confused, and at length, after a good deal of searching, presented it to her uncle. "But, my dear sir," said she, "you will not think of leaving us to-day. My servant shall make all the inquiries you choose, and save you the trouble; and to-morrow you can ride to town, and do as you think proper." "My good niece," said the Captain, "I am but an indifferent sleeper, and I am afraid things would run into my head and keep me awake. Besides, I am naturally impatient, and love to do my business myself—you will excuse me." So saying, he took up his hat, and without much ceremony went out of the house, and took the road to town on foot, leaving his two nieces somewhat disconcerted.

When he arrived, he went without delay to the place mentioned, which was a by-street in the neighborhood of Soho. The people who kept the lodgings informed him, that the persons he inquired after had left them several months, and they did not know what had become of them. This threw the Captain into great perplexity; but while he was considering what he should do next, the woman of the house recollected that Mr. Bland (that was the drawing-master's name) had been employed at a certain school where information about him might possibly be obtained. Captain Cornish hastened to the place, and was informed by the master of the school that such a man, indeed, had been employed there, but had ceased to attend for some time past. "He was a very well behaved, industrious young man," added the master; "but in distressed circumstances, which prevented him from making that genteel appearance which we expect from all who attend our school; so I was obliged to dismiss him. It was a great force on my feelings, I assure you, sir, so to do, but you know the thing could not be helped." The Captain eyed him with indignant contempt; and said, "I suppose then, sir, your feelings never suffered you to inquire where this poor creature lived, or what became of him afterwards?" "As to that," replied the master, "every one knows his own business best, and my time is fully taken up with my own concerns; but I believe I have a note of the lodging he then occupied—here it is." The Captain took it, and turning on his heel, withdrew in silence.

He posted to the place, but there, too, had the mortification of learning that he was too late. The people, however, told him he might find the family in a neighboring alley, at a lodging up three pair of stairs. The Captain's heart sunk within him; however, taking a boy as a guide he proceeded immediately to the spot. On going up the narrow, creaking staircase, he met a man coming down with a bed on his shoulders. At the top of the landing stood another with a bundle of blankets and sheets. A woman with a child in her arms, was expostulating with him, and he heard her exclaim, "Cruel, not to leave me one bed for myself and my poor children." "Stop!" cried the Captain; "set down these things." The man hesitated. The Captain renewed his command in a peremptory tone; and then advanced towards the woman. They looked earnestly on each other. Through her pale and emaciated features, he saw something of his little smiler; and at length, in a faint tone of voice, he addressed her: "Are you Amelia Cornish?" "That was my name," she replied. "I am your uncle," cried he, clasping her in his arms, and sobbing as if his heart would break. "My uncle!" exclaimed she, and fainted. He was just able to set her down on the only remaining chair, and take her child from her. Two other children came running up, and began to scream with terror. Amelia recovered herself. "Oh, sir, what a situation you see me in!" "A poor situation, indeed," said he, "poor forsaken creature! but you have one friend left."

The Captain then asked where her husband was? She told him, that having fatigued himself with walking every day to a great distance for a little employment, that scarcely afforded them bread, had fallen ill, and was now in the hospital, and that after being obliged to sell most of their little furniture and clothes for present subsistence, their landlord had seized their only remaining bed for some arrears of rent.

The Captain immediately discharged the debt, and causing the bed to be brought up again, dismissed the men. He then entered into conversation with his niece about the events that had befallen her. "Alas, sir," said she, "I am sensible I was greatly to blame in disobeying my father, and leaving his roof as I did; but, perhaps something might be alleged in my excuse; at least years of calamity and distress may be an expiation. As to my husband, he has never given me the least cause of complaint; he has ever been kind and good; what we have suffered has been through misfortune and not fault. To be sure, when we married we did not consider how a family was to be maintained. His was a poor employment, and sickness and other accidents soon brought us to a state of poverty, from which we could not retrieve ourselves. He, poor man, was never idle when he could help it, and denied himself every indulgence in order to provide for the wants of me and his children. I did my part too as well as I was able. But my father's unrelenting severity made me quite heart-broken; and though my sisters two or three times gave us a little relief in our pressing necessities—for nothing else could have made me ask it in the manner I did; yet they would never permit me to see them, and for some time past have entirely abandoned us. I thought Heaven had abandoned us too. The hour of extremest distress was come, but you have been sent for our comfort." —"And your comfort, please GOD, I will be," cried the Captain, with energy. "You are my own dear child, and your little ones shall be mine too. Dry up your tears; better days, I hope, are approaching."

Evening was now coming on, and it was too late to think of changing lodgings. The Captain procured a neighbor to go out for some provisions and other necessaries, and then took

his leave, with a promise of being with his niece early next morning. Indeed, as he proposed to pay a visit to her husband, she was far from wishing to detain him any longer. He went directly to the hospital, and having got access to the apothecary, begging to be informed of the real state of his patient Bland. The apothecary told him that he labored under a slow fever, attended with extreme dejection of spirits, but that there were no signs of urgent danger. "If you will allow me to see him," said the Captain, "I believe I shall be able to administer a cordial more effectual perhaps, than all your medicines." He was shewn up to the ward where the poor man lay, and seated himself by his bed-side. "Mr. Bland," said he, "I am a stranger to you, but I come to bring you some news of your family."

The sick man roused himself as from a stupor, and fixed his eyes in silence on the Captain. He proceeded—"perhaps you have heard of an uncle that your wife had in the East Indies; he is come home—and—I am he." On this he eagerly stretched out his hand, and taking that of Bland, which was thrust out of the bed-clothes to meet it, gave it a cordial shake. The sick man's eyes glistened; he grasped the Captain's hand with his remaining strength, and drawing it to his mouth, kissed it with fervor. All he could say, was "God bless you!—be kind to poor Amelia." "I will—I will," cried the Captain. "I will be a father to you all; cheer up your spirits, all will be well." He then with a kind look, and another shake of the hand, wished a "good night," and left the poor man lightened at once of half his disease.

The Captain went home to the coffee-house where he lodged, got a light supper and went early to bed. After meditating for some time with heartfelt satisfaction on the work of the day, he fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till day-break. The next morning early, he rose and sallied forth in search of furnished lodgings. After some inquiry, he met a commodious seat in a pleasant airy situation, for which he agreed. He then drove to Amelia, and found her and her children neat and clean, and as well dressed as her poor wardrobe would admit. He embraced them with the utmost affection, and rejoiced Amelia's heart with a favorable account of her husband. He then told them to prepare for a ride with him. The children were overjoyed with the proposal, and they accompanied him down to the coach in high spirits. Amelia scarcely knew what to think or expect. They drove first to a warehouse for ready-made linen, where the Captain made Amelia furnish herself with every thing necessary for the use of the children and herself, not forgetting some shirts for her husband. Thence they went to a clothes-shop, where the little boy was supplied with a jacket and trowsers, a hat and a great-coat, and the girl with another great-coat and bonnet; both were made as happy as happy could be. They were next all furnished with new shoes. In short they had not proceeded far before the mother and three children were all in new complete habiliments, decent but not fine; while the old ones were all tied up in a bundle, and destined for some family still poorer than they had been.

The Captain then drove to the lodgings he had taken, and which he had directed to be put in thorough order. He led Amelia up stairs, who knew not whither she was going. He brought her into a handsome parlor, and seated her in a chair. 'This, my dear,' said he, 'is your house; I hope you will let me now and then come to see you in it.' Amelia turned pale and could not speak. At length a flood of tears came to her relief, and she suddenly threw herself at her uncle's feet, and poured out thanks and blessings in a broken voice. He raised her and kindly kissing her and her children, slipped a purse of gold into her hand.

He next went to the hospital, and found Mr. Bland sitting up in bed, and taking some food with apparent pleasure. He sat down by him. "God bless you, sir," said Mr. Bland, "I see now it is a reality and not a dream. Your figure has been haunting me all night, and I have scarcely been able to satisfy myself, whether I have really seen and spoken to you, or whether it was a fit of delirium. Yet my spirits have been lightened, and I have been eating with a relish I have not done for many years past. But may I ask, how is Amelia and the little ones?" "They are all well and happy, my good friend," said the Captain, "and I hope you will soon be along with them." The apothecary came up and felt his patient's pulse.—"You are a lucky doctor indeed, sir," said he to Captain Cornish; "you have cured the poor man of his fever. His pulse is as calm as my own." The Captain consulted him about the safety of removing him; and the apothecary thought there would be no hazard in doing it that very day. The Captain waited the arrival of the physician, who confirmed the same opinion. A sedan chair was procured, and full directions being obtained for the future treatment, with the physician's promise to look after him, the Captain walked on before the chair to the new lodgings. On the knock at the door, Amelia looked out of the window, and seeing the chair, ran down and met her uncle and husband in the passage. The poor man not knowing where he was, and gazing wildly around him, was carried up stairs and placed on a good bed, while his wife and children assembled around him.

By Amelia's constant attention, assisted by proper help, Mr. Bland shortly recovered; the whole family lost their sickly, emaciated appearance, and became healthy and happy. The kind uncle was never long absent from them, and was received with looks of pleasure and gratitude, which penetrated his very soul.—He obtained for Mr. Bland a good situation in the exercise of his profession, and took Amelia and the children under his special care. As to his other nieces, though he did not entirely break off his connexion with them, but on the contrary, shewed them occasional marks of the kindness of a relation, yet he could never look on them with true cordiality. And as they had so well kept their promise with their father, of never treating Amelia as a sister while in her afflicted state, he took care not to tempt them to break it, now she was favored with a prosperous condition.

MEDICAL.

From Dr. Rush's Medical Inquiries.

MEANS OF PREVENTING DYSENTERY.

The *intestinal* state of our summer and autumnal disease requires several specific means to prevent it, different from those which have been advised to defend the blood-vessels from fever. Unripe and decayed fruit should be avoided; and that which is ripe should not be eaten in an excessive quantity. Spices, and particularly Cayenne pepper, and the red pepper of our country, should be taken daily with our food. Mr. Dewer, a British surgeon, tells us, the French soldiers while in Egypt, carried pepper in boxes with them wherever they went, to eat with the fruits of the country, and thereby often escaped its diseases. The whole diet during the prevalence of intestinal diseases, when they are not highly inflammatory should be of a cordial nature.

Another means of preventing the dysentery is, by avoiding costiveness, and by occasionally taking purging physic, even when the bowels are in their natural state. A militia captain, in the Pennsylvania service, preserved his whole company from a dysentery, which prevailed in a part of the American army at Amboy, in the year 1776, by giving each of them a purge of sea-salt. He preserved his family and many of his neighbors, some years afterwards, from the same disease, by dividing among them a few pounds of purging salts. It was prevented a few years ago in the academy of Bordentown, in New-Jersey, by giving all the boys molasses in large quantities, in their diet and drinks. The molasses probably acted only by keeping the bowels in a laxative state.

As the dysentery is often excited by the dampness of the night air, great care should be taken to avoid it, and when necessarily exposed to it, to defend the bowels by more warmth than other parts of the body. The Egyptians, Mr. Dewer says, tie a belt about their bowels for that purpose, and with the happiest effect.

Cholera Morbus.—For the last seven years, the cholera morbus has been extending its ravages over the south of Asia. After scourging India three or four years, it extended in 1820 through Sam and China, and visited the islands in the Indian Ocean. In 1821 it made its appearance in Persia, Arabia, and the eastern part of Turkey. In a few weeks of hot weather 60,000 persons died in Muscat and its environs, and in a few months, 123,000 of the Whechabites perished. In Bassora and its neighborhood, 18,000 died; in Schiraz, 16,000; in Bender-Abusher, 14,000; in Jesd, 7000; and in Bagdad, 5000.—It attacked the Persian army in the neighborhood of Bagdad, and destroyed 2000. In 1822 the cholera extended in a northern direction to the Caspian Sea and the Russian province of Sharvan, and to the west it reached the Mediterranean, visiting Aleppo, Laodicea, &c. The Arabs call this disease El-Houwa, *i. e.* the *Storm*; it is also called the India plague.

A case of remarkable costiveness is reported by Dr. Woodward, of Connecticut. "From April to September nothing whatever passed the bowels, a period of exactly 138 days!" The patient recovered.

FOREIGN.

The Cadmus, Capt. Allyn, has arrived at New-York, from Havre, bringing Paris papers to the 30th and London to the 29th of June, inclusive, which were immediately forwarded to Mr. Topliff of Boston, by his New-York correspondents.—*Bos. States.*

They contain several circumstantial accounts of the destruction of the Egyptian squadron in the port of Modon on the 13th of May, by the Greek fleet of 28 vessels and four fire ships under Admiral Miaoulis. The Dutch brig Courier bound to Smyrna, was in sight, when the frigate Asia, two covettes, three large brigs and twenty transport vessels, blew up. When the Courier was fifteen miles from Modon, at half past ten in the evening, those on board heard a great explosion, and at thirty miles distance they heard another. News from Napoli stated that these were the explosions of two magazines in Modon. All the stores and munitions of war for the Egyptian army were in Modon.

Constantinople, May 26.—A panic terror has spread in this capital since the arrival of a courier sent to the Porte by the Pacha of Smyrna, with the latest news from Modon.—Ibrahim Pacha had, on the 10th of May, taken New Navarin, and the fortress had consented to capitulate, but on conditions which was rejected by the Egyptians. Meantime the negociations were to be renewed on the 13th, when the Greek Admiral, Miaoulis, immortalized himself by an action worthy of the Spartans. With 28 vessels he attacked the fleet of Ibrahim Pacha, and an eye-witness affirms, that Miaoulis with his own hand set fire to the frigate Asia of 44 guns. The frigate blew up with 400 men, with whom she was manned, and twenty-six other vessels of every size became a prey to the flames. A Dutch brig saw the whole on fire at the distance of twelve miles at sea, and in the evening a violent explosion was heard by the brig, which as later intelligence announces, destroyed half the town of Modon, the powder magazines having taken fire.

During this catastrophe an Algerine fleet of six brigs and several schooners, commanded by Mustapha Reis, was in sight of Modon, but immediately diverted its course towards the waters of Malta. It is also ascertained from this news, that New Navarin is no longer in the hands of Ibrahim, that the Egyptian troops are very much enfeebled by disease, and the events of this war, are in despair, and that for three months no wages had been paid to the troops disciplined in the European manner.

The family of the Grand Sultan is near being extinguished. On the 19th, there died a princess of 11 years old, and the sovereign has no other child except two infants. The small-pox has made great ravages in the seraglio; it has carried off already 30 persons.

The *Ami de la Loi* of the 2d ult. published at Hydra, announces, that some Greek ships having come up with a vessel under the Russian flag, with more than 200 Turks on board, chased her, and compelled her to take refuge under the cannon of the fortress of Coron. The Russian ship was greatly damaged by the balls fired upon her by the Greeks during the chase. This Journal also contains two decrees of the Government, one of which creates a Junta of three members to direct the civil and military affairs of Western Greece.—The other sets forth that, considering that Pierre Mavromichalis has given proof of his zeal and patriotism upon various occasions, and that several distinguished members of his family have died in the cause of Greece, the said Pierre Mavromichalis is relieved by the penalties contained in the declaration of the Government, No. 24 16, and restored to all his civil and political rights.

We learn by a letter from Zante, that on the 11th ult. a British frigate arrived there from Missolonghi, with intelligence of the Greeks having made a general sortie from the fortresses of Anatolico and Missolonghi, in which they repulsed the Turks who fell back upon Aspropotomos.

Several French officers in the service of the Pacha of Egypt, lately taken prisoners by the Greeks in the Morea, have claimed their liberty, on the ground that they had been tacitly allowed, if not encouraged by their Government, to accept commissions in the Egyptian army!

We learn that the subscriptions in France to aid the cause of the Greeks augment daily. The towns and even villages of the departments seem desirous to emulate the capital in affording succour to that valiant people.

Letters of the 24th ult. from Zante, state, that Stournaris and Liacata, who commanded the garrison of Missolonghi, have attacked with 800 men, a Turkish corps of 2000 men, who had approached that place, completely defeated them, and driven them to the distance of several leagues from the fortress.

The Hon. Mr. Rufus King arrived at Liverpool in the ship Pacific on the 26th. He was to stay there a few days, to recover from the effects of his voyage, he having suffered much from sea-sickness. The American Chamber of Commerce intended to invite him to a public dinner previous to his departure for London, to take upon him the duties of Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the British Court.

In the House of Commons, June 22, Mr. Brougham asked Mr. Canning if he was aware of the arrest of Gen. Devereaux by the Austrian government in the Venetian states?—Mr. Canning replied that he had understood so. Mr. Brougham remarked, that it had been his intention, during the last two sessions of Parliament, to bring before the house the manner in which English subjects had been treated by the Austrian states and Spain, but that he had been deterred from so doing from the apprehension that the warmth of the language that might be used, might possibly compromise the safety of the individuals who might be in those territories.

Spain.—It will be recollected that information was received here a few days since of the capture, by a Colombian schooner, of 10 or 12 Spanish vessels, and the destruction of 30 or 40 more. On the arrival of this schooner at Gibraltar, a letter was received at Baltimore from one of her officers, in which he mentioned *two* Colombian brigs, the Vencedor and Little Eagle, as being there. These two vessels have probably some connection with the facts related below, which are translated from the Paris Constitutional:

Barcelona, 15th June.—The tocsin sounded on the 13th in the village of Garaf, near which it was reported that the Constitutionalists had effected a landing. Immediately the whole country around was struck with terror, and to see the dread displayed among the Royalists one would have supposed that there had arrived a fleet of those barbarians, who formerly were accustomed to carry off captives from our coasts, and sell them at Algiers. The alarm subsided however, when it was found that forty men had landed from two Colombian privateers, who after taking some cattle and furnishing themselves with water, re-embarked without committing any violence.

Disastrous Missionary Intelligence.—Several hundred houses, amongst which was the large Baptist Mission House, at Serampore have been swept away by the Ganges. In this mission house was the extensive printing apparatus belonging to the mission—some part of the paper and types were saved, as were all the manuscripts. The large new College is safe, having been built on higher ground. The venerable Missionary, Dr. Carey, was in the missionary-house at the time (in a convalescent state after a fever) and as the waters advanced, he was with difficulty removed; soon after which, the walls fell, and all was desolation. It is apprehended that the disaster extended to all the towns and villages on the river.

Hurricane in the West Indies.—Late accounts from Martinique, Guadaloupe, Barbadoes, &c. inform of a tremendous hurricane among the West India Islands, on the 26th ultimo.

At St. Pierres, the gale commenced at 7 and continued till 9 o'clock in the morning. The most severe part of the gale was at about 9 o'clock. Three American vessels were driven ashore and totally lost. [A letter received by a merchant in Boston says, the three vessels lost were the brigs Caroline, Hubbs, of Portland; Leo, Morrison, of Newburyport; and schr. Fame, Knapp, of Salem.] The plantations did not suffer much.

At Guadaloupe, the gale was most violent a quarter past 10. All the government buildings were destroyed, and one account mentions that nearly two hundred persons were killed at Bassetterre. The plantations throughout the Island suffered considerably. At Point Petre several American vessels and French coasters went ashore. The latter sustained more or less damage.

Antigua escaped, but some boats with black crews were lost in the bays. Two boats, one belonging to Mr. Sheppard, and the other to Mrs. Hill, were lost and their crews perished. The brig Ann, Storer, from New-Haven to Grenada, was towed into St. Johns, Antigua, on the 28th ult. by the droger Jane. A passenger in her stated, that on the preceding Tuesday, about 40 miles S. E. of Guadaloupe, the vessel encountered a heavy gale from the N. E. which suddenly shifting to the S. S. E. laid her on her beam ends. In a dreadful moment, hanging on the brink of eternity, expecting the next wave to ingulph them, the Captain evinced his self-command and intrepidity; seizing a hatchet, he sprang to the chains and severed the lanyards of the shrouds, when the mast went over the side and the vessel fortunately righted. The passengers, of whom there were three gentlemen belonging to Grenada, express themselves in the most flattering terms of the conduct of the captain, to whom, through divine permission, they attribute the preservation of their lives.

All the vessels anchored at Rosseaux, (Dominique,) were lost. Some vessels, also, were lost at Barbadoes, St. Lucia, and Antigua.—All the islands to windward are supposed to have been more or less affected by the harricane. *Boston Statesman.*

Mexican Affairs.—Mexican papers to the 15th June have been received in Washington, and translations from them are given in the *National Journal.*

The oaths to support the new Constitution were taken at Jalapa, the 4th June.

During the session of the legislature of Vera Cruz, a learned memorial was presented to it by *Jose Jiminez*, curate of Jalapa, on the right of asylum proposed to be established by the constitution. The memorialist concludes by saying, that "the clergy willingly swear to the constitution, excepting the article abolishing asylum; and that if any criminal should flee to his church, his office would not allow him to deliver him up to any authority, unless under previous oath of his being brought back."

The memorial in the House gave rise to a long and elaborate discussion. The President spoke on the occasion, and contended, after the doctrine of Beccaria, that "asylum was unjust, because it secured impunity to vice, and established a sovereignty distinct from that of the people."

It was resolved, that the clergy should not be obliged to swear to the constitution, until it should be approved by the National Congress.

St. Herera, the ex-minister of Iturbide, has been taken in the vicinity of Guadalajara.

Mr. *Ackerman*, of London, is about to establish in the city of Mexico, an Athenæum, on a large scale.

Mr. *Williamson*, has entered into a contract with the State of *Guanajualo*, by which he has the exclusive privilege of coining gold and silver of the State for ten years.

At a late riot in Leon, (Guatamala,) twenty-five soldiers were killed by the populace.

DOMESTIC.

Affairs at Washington.—The Court-Martial came to a decision on Thursday last week, on the case of Commodore Porter. The various documents were sent to the President, for his examination and approval. But the Washington Gazette of Saturday says, that in consequence of an informality in the record of the proceedings of the Court which was tendered to the President on Thursday, he on the next day returned the same to the Court for revision. On Saturday the Court went through the record (with closed doors) and returned the same to the executive corrected and revised. We have not yet been able to learn definitively whose trial will succeed that of Com. Porter, though in our last we stated, on the authority of the National Journal, that Lieut. Ramage would be tried next. A later Journal mentions that the trial of Lieut. *Whitelock* was next to come on, while the National Intelligencer of the same day informs, that the Court would proceed to the case of Lieut. *Hunter*.

Major Andrews, the Special Agent of the United States, to investigate the Creek disturbances which led to the murder of Gen. McIntosh, returned to Washington on Saturday last, having been absent on his business since the 20th of May.—*Amer. Traveller.*

Court of Inquiry.—The Court of Inquiry, composed of Colonel Archer, Colonel Many, and Capt. Young, which some time since assembled at Cantonment *Towson*, for the purpose of investigating the matter in dispute between the officers of the post and certain citizens of Miller County, in the territorial limits of Arkansas, concluded their inquiry a few weeks ago, and transmitted their proceedings to the War Department. We learn, verbally, from a gentleman who since left Arkansas, that the Court acquitted the military officers, on the ground that the scene of the assumed authority of the magistrates of the territory over the soldiers, which produced the fracas, was within the Indian country, and of course without the limits of their official jurisdiction; that those citizens were, of course, not only destitute of any civil power, but were, in fact, trespassers against the laws of the United States, which strictly forbid the entrance of citizens into the Indian country, and which are so particular in this respect, that, where a citizen is travelling on a public road, passing through Indian territory, he cannot lawfully deviate in the least from the road. The proceedings of the Court, we are sorry to understand, disclose the most disgusting acts of barbarity committed by both parties, both soldiers and citizens, on each other.—*Nat. Int.*

Extensive Chemical Laboratory.—The corner-stone of a proposed spacious structure for the Manufactory attached to the Chemical Bank in New-York, was laid last week, a short distance from Greenwich. Dr. *Mitchell* delivered an extemporaneous address on the value and importance of Chemistry as applicable to the useful arts.

At the spot where the building is erecting, the company have purchased about three acres of ground, one acre of which is to be enclosed by a fence and appropriated exclusively to the manufactory. Within this enclosure are to be four lead chambers, for the manufacture of sulphuric acid, and other buildings for the accommodation of the agent, workmen, &c. The chambers to be built of stone and brick, and lined throughout with thick sheet lead, will be 130 feet long, 30 wide, and 15 high; and when the whole are completed, they will, it is said, more than equal in extent and convenience any of the great chemical laboratories in England.—*Amer. Trav.*

Comet.—The time is now fast approaching, when the remarkable Comet or Planet, to which the name of Encke has been given, will be again visible to the earth. The attention of astronomers has been much attracted to this singular body by the very near equality of the times of its revolutions round the sun, and by the slow, but continual decrease of those times: which last curious fact is generally ascribed to the resistance of the Sun's atmosphere, to the motion of the comet, when in perihelion. The comet was last in perihelion on the 21st of May, 1822; its periodical time of revolution being 2205 days, (which will have elapsed on the 3d of September,) we may daily expect to see it. Those, who are desirous of a particular account of this interesting body, will find its history in an elegant article, by the illustrious Bowditch, in a number of the North American Review, printed 4 or 5 years since.—It is hoped that due notice will be given of the Comet, as soon as it is observed.—*Ib.*

Remarkable temerity of a Bear.—The St. Johns (N. B.) Courier of July 23d, says—On the night of Monday 4th inst. Mr. Ludlow, being in Miramichi, his wife (who was left alone) went to a neighbor's to stay all night. A bear broke open a window in his house, entered it, destroyed about half a barrel of pork, did some other damage, and went out the same way he came in. Mrs. Foster being afraid to stay in the house next night, put the remainder of the barrel of pork in the cellar, and again went from home. On Thursday night he entered by another window, broke the window to pieces; entered the room, and broke a small chest in pieces; he also attempted to open a large chest which he knocked about and turned upside down in the middle of the floor after taking large pieces out of it with his teeth; he also strewed a large basket of wearing apparel over the room leaving nothing untouched except the bed and curtains (which stood in the room.)—He then proceeded to pay a visit to Mr. Murphy, who lived about 30 rods below—broke into his milk house, (which stood about three rods from the dwelling house,) by ripping up the shingles, eat several pieces of salt beef, when finding them rather lean, he made use of a jar of butter that stood handy to soften them; drank 3 pans of milk to quench his thirst, and then took his departure, after rolling himself in the grass a few feet from the dwelling house. Mr. Murphy prepared to welcome his new guest the next evening, by setting a gun in the milk house, pointing to the breach he had made the night before. He returned about sun-set and received the full contents of a musket in his head, the just reward of his temerity. He was remarkably large and very fat.

The whole amount of the tolls on the Grand Canal in the month of May, was $100,000, and but little short of that sum in the month of June. The tolls this year will probably be about $500,000—next year $600,000.

MANUFACTURES.—The progress of manufactures in this country is more rapid than most persons are aware of; almost every day brings forth something new. We have just seen at the warehouse of Messrs. Motts, in Pine-street, printed calicoes from the "Taunton Manufacturing Company," in Massachusetts. They consist of blue and white, two blues, and fancy colors. The quality of the cloth is very superior, and the printing and colors will bear a comparison with any imported goods of similar quality and prices.

New-York Daily Advertiser.

An establishment for printing Calico is about to be established in Troy, New-York. It is supposed the buildings and machinery will cost about one million of dollars. A large manufacturing house in Manchester, England, is said to be deeply interested in this establishment.

CHELMSFORD.—The manufacturing village of East Chelmsford sprung into existence but a few years ago. In addition to the various kinds of manufacturing which are extensively carried on, two newspapers are now printed there. One of them we have not seen: the other is entitled the *Phœnix*, and has for its motto, "devoted to every thing that is good." If it accomplishes all that it intends, it may well deserve the name of the Arabian bird. Among other proofs that good is doing there, it states that "during the last winter, Warren Colburn, A. M. well known to the public by his invaluable mathematical pulications, delivered in this place a useful course of Astronomical Lectures. They were intended principally for the benefit of those employed in the extensive manufacturing establishment over which he presides. But this is not all: the money arising from the sale of tickets, (250 in number,) was generously given by the lecturer for the purchase of a library for the use of the same class of people, for whom the lectures were designed. Thus, much more good was effected. A valuable selection of books has already been made; and to encourage so good a beginning, the Merrimack Manufacturing Company have lately voted $500 for the further increase of the Library."—*Bos. Courier.*

EFFECTS OF GUNPOWDER.—The store of Mr. Jenison, in Hopkinton, (Mass.) was materially injured a few days since, by the explosion of about fourteen pounds of powder, which had been carelessly left on the counter by the clerk, (a brother of Mr. J.) who was unfortunately killed by the accident. Young Jenison was trimming a lamp upon the counter, when a spark escaped from the wick, fell into the canister of powder, and produced the explosion: he was shortly afterwards found in the cellar, at a distance of thirty feet from the place where he stood.—The store was two stories high and about forty feet long; yet the concussion was so great that all the windows were blown out, the partitions torn away, the cellar floor impelled down, the ends of the store blown off; and in fact, the whole building was so completely shattered, that it is thought it will hardly be possible to repair it.

Destruction by Lightning.—We learn from Wear, that on Tuesday last, the lightning descended upon the large barn of Mr. Moses Peaslee, which with its extensive shed, chaise house, &c. that joined his house, and the house itself, were entirely consumed, with all their contents, together with a number of very large and valuable swine that were in a pen within the shed.—The men of the family being at work in a field at some distance, and few neighbors living near, little could be done to save any part of the property. Mr. Peaslee's loss is very heavy; it cannot be less than $4000.—*Con. (N. H.) Register*

The house of Dr. Levi Bartlett, of Kingston, N. H. was struck with lightning on Sunday afternoon the 31st ult.; and the Doctor so much injured as to be apparently lifeless for some time. He has revived, but remains feeble. Two ladies were also struck, but soon recovered. The fluid struck and shattered a large elm near the house, passed to the chimney of the house, set fire to some papers, which were extinguished, and threw a watch, which was hanging over the chimney, across the room, and melted a part of the chain and case. There was a lightning rod on the house, within a short distance of the tree that was struck.—*Was it in good order?*

A dreadful accident happened a short time since, to a young woman employed in a factory in Swanzey, (Mass.) Her hair was caught by the machinery, and she was only extricated by the entire scalp of the head being torn off from the neck to the forehead. She suffered no pain at the moment, nor has it since been as severe as would be supposed. She is recovering, and will probably soon be restored to health.

WASHINGTON, (*Penn.*) Aug. 6.—On Wednesday, a number of black men, chained, hand-cuffed, having an iron collar round the neck of each, and a large chain binding them two and two like a team of brutes, were driven through this town, on their way to Wheeling. The *crime* of these miserables is, that they have black faces and woolly heads. This crime is thus *lawfully punished* in a Christian country, a republican State, and in the enlightened eighteenth century!

A good day's work.—The printer of the Greenfield Herald states, that on Wednesday last, his youngest apprentice composed 12,422 m's, in solid long primer and brevier, and very correctly—the proof not exhibiting so much as ten errors, and these of a trifling nature. He is worth a regiment of ordinary apprentices.

MASSACHUSETTS REPRESENTATIVES.—The representation of this State in the next Congress, compared with that in the last Congress, will be the following:—

Districts.	*18th Congress.*	*19th Congress.*
Suffolk,	Daniel Webster,	Daniel Webster.
Essex South,	B. W. Crowninshield,	B. W. Crowninshield.
Essex North,	Jeremiah Nelson,	John Varnum.
Middlesex,	Timothy Fuller,	Edward Everett.
Worcester N.	John Lock,	John Lock.
Worcester S.	Jonas Sibley,	John Davis.
Hampden,	Samuel Lathrop,	Samuel Lathrop.
Franklin,	Samuel C. Allen,	Samuel C. Allen.
Berkshire,	Henry W. Dwight,	Henry W. Dwight.
Norfolk,	John Bailey,	John Bailey.
Bristol,	Francis Baylies,	Francis Baylies.
Plymouth,	Aaron Hobart,	Aaron Hobart.
Barnstable,	John Reed,	John Reed.

Several members were chosen in November last, on the first trial. Messrs. Varnum, Allen, Bailey and Baylies, were chosen on the second trial, in January last; Mr. Lathrop on the third, in April, and Mr. Davis on the 4th. *Boston Statesman.*

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1825.

SUPREME COURT.—The *Supreme Judicial Court* for this County commenced its session in this village on Tuesday last. Present, Chief Justice MELLEN and Justices WESTON and PREBLE. The charge delivered to the Grand Jury by the Chief Justice was both classical and elegant, giving plain and luminous definition of the various crimes which properly come under their jurisdiction. He alluded to the neglect of some towns to provide and maintain *good* roads, to which we hope the jury will attend. He spoke in an especial manner with regard to *schools* to which the jury no doubt, will pay particular attention. He also adverted to the GARDINER LYCEUM, of which he spoke in high and flattering terms. It is unquestionably an institution which is highly deserving of encouragement, and will be of public utility to the State. There are several criminal cases to be tried at this Court, which will probably be disposed of to-day, of which we shall give an account in our next.

At this Term, JAIRUS S. KEITH and WILLIAM FRYE, Esqrs. were admitted to practise as Attorneys at this Court.

OUR NEXT GOVERNOR.—Who shall be our next Chief Magistrate? There has been of late not a little excitement among the people in different sections of the State, respecting this question; as it is said our present Governor will be appointed to the Collectorship at Bath. We should be sorry to lose the services of Gov. PARRIS, as it will be difficult for any other person, who may fill the Chair of this State, to give so general satisfaction. But his sacrifices, both of a *personal* and *pecuniary* nature, must have been great in serving the public; and should he now retire from the high and responsible office he now holds, (of which there is considerable prospect,) he will carry with him the good wishes of the people of this State, and in a more particular manner of this County. The Hon. ENOCH LINCOLN of this place, our present Representative in Congress, from this District, has been spoken of in very exalted terms for the office of Governor; and by what information we have received from different parts of the State, he will receive a pretty unanimous vote, should Gov. PARRIS withdraw his name. But we do not *know* that he has ever been consulted on the subject, nor that he would accept the office if it were offered him; of this, however, we are certain—should he be elected and accept, he would discharge the duties with honor to himself and credit to the State.

REPUBLICANISM AND FEDERALISM.—In several counties in this State, there seems to be a disposition manifested to support two separate tickets for Senators. Some of the candidates for the Senate are, no doubt, supported by a few out of political or sectional feelings, while others are thought by many to be the *best* men for that important office. We do not profess to dabble much in politics; but it looks a little singular, that the *American Patriot*, "*a republican paper*, in the *genuine* acceptation of the term," should support Federalists for office. We would not be understood, that a man is not qualified for office because he is a federalist; but it appears strange, that such a *Republican* as Doct. Low should support them.

OXFORD COUNTY CONVENTION, met last evening agreeably to public notice heretofore given, for the purpose of designating Candidates for Senators; but we are unable to give their proceedings in this day's paper.

PHI BETA KAPPA OF MAINE.—An *Alpha* of the *Phi Beta Kappa Society*, has been organized at Bowdoin College in Brunswick. The first general Meeting will be held at the Lecture Room, in the College, on the eighth of September next, at 8 A. M.

DARING ROBBERY.—The house of Mr. Enoch Crocker, in Buckfield village, was broken open on Friday night of last week, by some person or persons, the chamber in which he was sleeping entered, and a trunk, containing about one hundred and thirty dollars taken therefrom, conveyed to a lower room, broken open, the money taken from it, and the papers scattered over the floor. We sincerely hope that due vigilance will be used to detect such pests of society.

ANOTHER MURDER.—It is reported that a Mr. Boswell, *son-in-law* to Gov. Desha of Kentucky, has murdered a Mr. Clarke of that State. Should this report prove correct, the Governor must be in a very unpleasant situation—having a son, and a son-in-law under arrest for committing the same crime,—the penalty of which is death.

AMERICAN TRAVELLER.—Some time since, we called the attention of the Keepers of public houses and Stage-Proprietors to this paper. We now find a notice of the Editors, requesting the Proprietors of Stages to furnish them with *correct* information respecting their lines of Stages, &c. We hope those in this State will attend to it, as the advantages resulting from a correct source of information must be very great to *travellers*.

MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—At a *fourth* trial in Worcester, (Mass.) South District, for a representative to Congress, JOHN W. DAVIS, Esq. was elected by a majority of about 100 votes. The other candidate was Hon. JONAS SIBLEY, member of the last Congress.

BEARS.—Two of these animals were recently killed in Gardiner, near the village. One of them, we learn from the *Chronicle*, weighed upwards of 300 pounds.

MILITARY.—At an election held at Waterford, on Monday last, Col. DANIEL BEAN, of Brownfield, was chosen Brigadier General of the 2d Brigade in the 6th Division, vice Gen. Berry, promoted.

NEW INVENTIONS.—Scarce a day passes without presenting to view some new thing; and we can hardly open a paper without discovering an article headed "New Invention"—"Great Improvement"—"A New Patent"—"Wonderful Mechanism"—"An Ingenious Mechanic"—"Wonderful Discovery"—or something of the like import. A man in the State of New-York has found out a way to churn by *wind!* Whether he milks his cows by the same power we have yet to learn. Surely we live in an age of *inventions*.

THE SEA-SERPENT.—By the last accounts, this monster of the deep was near Halifax, (N. S.) He is represented to be about sixty feet long. If he is not detained on his route, he will reach Nahant in ten or twelve days. The Essex folks had better prepare for him.

CRUELTY.—It is stated, that a negro slave has been burnt *alive* in South Carolina, for the murder of a white man! This, we believe, is the punishment provided by law in that State for this crime. We should be glad to be informed how many negroe slaves a white man must *murder*, to be subject to the same punishment? *as all men are born free and equal.*

QUESTION.—The following "question" is taken from the "*Star and North Carolina Gazette.*" We copy it into our columns, hoping some of *our* correspondents will send us a solution.

A military officer drew up his soldiers in rank and file, having the number in rank and file equal; on being reinforced with three times his first number of men, he placed them all in the same form, and then the number in rank and file was just double what it was at first; he was again reinforced with three times his first number of men, and after placing the whole in the same form as at first, his number in rank and file was 40 men each. How many men had he at first?

Wake county. C. F.

Married,

In Shutesbury, on Monday the 18th ult. after a long and tedious courtship of three years, Mr. Nathaniel Cole, aged 20, to the amiable Miss Elizabeth Gardener, aged 12, daughter to Capt. Andrew Gardener, all of Leverett. *Greenfield Gazette.*

Died,

In Canton, Arthur, aged 18, son of Mr. Aaron Brown. His complaint was an abscess upon the back, which confined him in great distress, for eight months. He bore his pain with that calmness and fortitude becoming a christian; and met death rejoicing in his Redeemer. Mr. Brown seems to have been visited with afflictions—Within little more than a year past he has buried three children, all in the flower of youth. May he say, "*the Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

In Weld, 19th ultimo, Mr. Asa Holt, aged 32, with consumption. He left a wife to mourn the loss of a tender companion, and one child. Mr. Holt was a very enterprising and worthy townsman, and a valuable member of the Congregational church.

In Hartford, (Me.) Lydia Ames, aged 26, daughter of Mr. Abel Ames:

She died; and with a heavy sigh
She bid the world adieu;
And in her blooming youthful days,
She passed her journey through.

In Middleton, (N. H.) 14th inst. Mr. Henry Pike aged 67. His dying agonies were very extreme; but he was patient, and appeared quite resigned to the solemnities of death. He was an elder brother to Dudley and John Pike of Norway.

At Millbury, July 21, Mr. Samuel Blanchard, aged 76.

In Charlton, (Mass.) Hon. Salem Towne, aged 79—a man highly respected, and one who had been engaged in public life for more than forty years.

In Phillipston, July 30, Mr. Silas Baker, aged 78.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We tender our thanks to 'CIMON,' for his favors; they will appear next week.

The poetic effusions of 'J. H. K.' will find place in our next.

We should be pleased to comply with the request of 'BEST INTEREST,' had he furnished us with his *real* name. But, lest the *Doctors* he wishes to put in nomination for the Senate, should be trying their skill upon *us*, we must decline making their names public. Moreover, we have an objection to *one* of them—he makes *too long speeches.*

PRINTING.

The Subscriber having received an addition of

New & Handsome Type,

IS NOW PREPARED TO PRINT

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, HANDBILLS, | SHOP BILLS, CARDS, BLANKS, &c.

IN HANDSOME STYLE,

AND ON THE MOST

FAVORABLE TERMS.

ASA BARTON, Agent.

FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD ON THE PREMISES,
EIGHTH OF SEPTEMBER NEXT,

A GOOD and spacious FARM, situated in the northerly part of *Dixfield*, containing about one hundred and fifty acres of *Excellent* LAND, a large proportion of which is under good improvement—a young, but thrifty ORCHARD of about two hundred Apple Trees; some of which *now* bear—cuts from twenty to thirty tons of HAY—*plenty* of PASTURING of the best quality—a new and convenient HOUSE, well finished—an AQUEDUCT of WATER conveyed into the house—a good BARN, about thirty and forty. Said Farm is situated about three fourths of a mile from the District School-house. Terms of sale, favorable to the purchaser. For further particulars inquire of SILAS BARNARD, or PHILIP ABBOTT, JR. in said Dixfield.

Dixfield, August 15, 1825. tf 60

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

David R. Straw

HAS opened an office on BETHEL HILL. He respectfully tenders to his friends and the public his professional services. 60

CABINET-MAKER's STAND

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber being about to remove to Portland, offers for sale his very *eligible* STAND for a *Cabinet-Maker*, pleasantly situated in the upper village, in the town of Waterford. He has occupied the Stand about four years, and has always found ready sale for his work; but circumstances now induce him to leave it. The property consists of about three quarters of an acre of excellent LAND, on which is a convenient *Cabinet-Maker's Shop*, with necessary appurtenances. He will sell the same cheap for cash or approved credit.

He has also a large assortment and variety of ready made

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

made as custom work, faithfully, and of the best materials; some of which is very elegant, consisting of MAHOGANY, BIRCH, MAPLE, and PINE BUREAUS, CHAIRS, TABLES, BEDSTEADS, &c.; all of which he will sell very cheap as above.

EDWARD CARLETON.

Waterford, August 22, 1825. 60

ASA BARTON,

AGENT,

AT THE OXFORD BOOKSTORE,

HAS for sale a good assortment of BIBLES and TESTAMENTS, Watts', Winchell's, Colby's, Smith & Jones', and Springer's HYMN BOOKS.

—ALSO—

Life of Jame Otis—Thatcher's Journal of the American Revolution—Morse's Annals of the Revolution—Works of the late Robert Treat Paine—Porter's Journal in the Pacific Ocean—Chateaubriand's Recollections—Humbolt's History of New Spain—Brackenridge's History of South America—Park's Journal—History of Maine—Ecclesiastical Sketches of Maine—Hobhouse's Travels in Albania—Tonga Islands—Latrobe's Visit to South Africa—Robertson's History of America—Johnson's Travels, &c. &c.

—LIKEWISE—

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
SCHOOL AND CLASSICAL BOOKS,
used in this section of the State.

—TOGETHER—

WITH MOST ARTICLES IN THE
STATIONARY LINE.

All of which he has instructions to sell at the *lowest* prices for *cash*, or GOOD CLEAN COTTON AND LINEN RAGS.

Paris, August 4.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five:

RUTH PARK, administratrix on the estate of *CALEB PARK*, late of Dixfield, deceased, having presented her second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield in said county, on the fourteenth day of September next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 60

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of ASA HOLT, late of *Weld*, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to STEPHEN HOLT.

Weld, Aug. 23, 1825. 60*

To the Honorable Justices of the Court of Sessions begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

THE undersigned proprietors of Township numbered Two in said County of Oxford, respectfully represent, that the Road formerly laid out by order of the Court of Sessions for said County of Oxford, beginning at the dwelling house of WILLIAM MORSE, in *Rumford*, and running through said township, and ending at the dwelling-house of BARNABAS ROWE in *Sumner*, is not necessary to accommodate the public; that the settlers on said land, do but in very few instances own their land, and are liable soon to be removed, and, of course, that said road cannot be necessary for their accommodation, and, if necessary, ought not to be made at the expense of the proprietors; they further represent, that said road cannot be put in any tolerable state of repair short of a tax almost equivalent to a total abandonment of the soil—They therefore respectfully pray your Honors that so much of said road, as is situated in said township, numbered Two, may be discontinued, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

THOMAS L. WINTHROP, By
LEVI WHITMAN, *Attorney.*
JOHN THOMPSON.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, SS.

Court of Sessions, June Term, A. D. 1825.

On the foregoing petition, *Ordered*, That the standing Committee of the County, be appointed at the expense of the Petitioners to view the aforesaid road, and that said petitioners give notice of the same to the inhabitants of said towns of Sumner and Rumford, by serving on the respective Clerks of said towns, a copy of said Petition, and of this order of Court thereon, thirty days at least before the next term of this Court—and likewise, by publishing said Petition and order three weeks successively, in the *Oxford Observer*, the last publication to be three weeks before the next term of this Court, to be holden at Paris, in and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of October next, that all persons interested may then and there appear and show cause, if any they have why the prayer thereof should not be granted. The Court further order, that proceedings be stayed as to the sale of Township No 2, for the payment of a tax assessed on said Township at the last Term of this Court, on the petition of James H. Withington and others.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, *Clerk.*
Copy attest: R. K. GOODENOW, *Clerk.*

POETRY.

TIDE OF LIFE.

I saw, while the earth was at rest,
And the curtains of heav'n were glowing,
A breeze full of balm from the west,
O'er the face of a sleepy lake blowing;
It ruffled a wave on its shore,
And the stillness to billows was broken;
The gale left it calm as before;
It slept as if never awoken.

Not thus with the dull tide of life;—
One check may be sorrow'd by weeping,
While free from the breezes of strife,
Another in peace may be sleeping.
The wave once disturbed by the breeze,
Can tranquilly sleep again never,
'Till destiny chill it, and freeze
The calm it had broken forever.
D.

From the Boston Evening Gazette.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

The clock told at night the hour of one,
When the muffled drum was rolling;
And the castle-bell sent from his tower of stone
The sound of its heavy tolling.

Many a soldier was marching there,
With musket and banner trailing,
And the music played the funeral air,
That mingles with grief and wailing.

They bore him along in his coffin, proud
As when he rode in his glory;
And many a sign on his sable shroud
Told his high and martial story.

They marched to the beat of the hollow drum,
With slow and measured sadness;
And there ran thro' the ranks a stifled hum,
But it was not the hum of gladness.

They bore him away to the battle ground,
Where his life for his home was given;
Then they stood in solemn stillness round,
And consigned his soul to heaven.

They fired o'er his grave the farewell shot,
And the Cannon answered louder;
Then they thought of the battle when wild and hot,
And their hearts felt sterner and prouder.

With quicker step and lighter breath,
And with banner spread and flying,
They had marched that day to the field of death,
And their thoughts were on aught but dying.

Slowly now to his honored grave,
Where he fell with a patriot's bravery,
They bore the youth, who died to save
His country and home from slavery.
PERCIVAL.

From the Christian Mirror.

THE FARMER.

Oh, who is so happy, so free from dull care,
From the vices and wants that in cities prevail,
From the troubles the great and the wealthy must share,
As the farmer, who lives in the far distant vale!
Retired from the world in his snug little cot,
On the rich, verdant bank of some sweet-flowing stream,
He envies no king, nor repines at his lot,
But thinks his own happiness almost supreme.

The farmer's dependent on none but his God,
To whom, for his kindness, his thanks never cease:
From Him he receives a most ample reward,—
His board's crowned with plenty, his labor with peace.
The needy partake of his bounteous store,
Their calls are all heard, and their wants are supplied;
The orphan goes smiling away from his door,—
By his kindness the tears of the widow are dried.

His industry, joined with his prudence and care,
Affords him a competence, renders him free;—
What being on earth has a prospect so fair,
Or is so independent and noble as he?
Mother earth's richest treasures are laid at his feet,—
Each tree pays him tribute, and adds to his wealth;
For him the bee gathers her honey so sweet,
To the palate so grateful, so useful to health.

He is cheered, each spring morn, by the lark's early lay,
And at evening is soothed by the nightingale's song;
Each hour, and each season, rolls sweetly away,
While scenes of past pleasure his memory throng.—
How blest and esteemed is the soil's cultivator!
Whose thoughts to the noblest of all arts are given;
He's the favorite son of his country and nature,—
The receiver of blessings from bountiful Heaven.
R.

The following lines are said to have been written in 1822, by the late *Francis Baker*, whose lamentable death, in Kentucky, has created so great a sensation throughout the Union.

TO PLEASURE.

Oh Pleasure! I have fondly woo'd,
But never won thy fleeting favor;
My early suit was wild and rude,
And startled, thou didst fly forever.

Awhile I deeply sorrow'd o'er
The wreck of all that perished then;
When wilder, sweeter, than before,
Thy smile, though distant, beam'd again.

And my sad heart, though deeply chill'd,
Still panting, sought thy lov'd embrace;
Trac'd every path thy vot'ries fill'd,
To meet thee in thy resting place.

I saw thee, mantling warm in wine,
And deeply bath'd my fever'd lip;
I saw thee pause at Beauty's shrine,
And surely hop'd thy sweets to sip.

But wine and beauty both conspir'd
To fill my soul with dark regret;
For scarcely won, their sweets expir'd,
And pleasure fleeting 'scaped me yet.

And now, with scarce a feeling warm,
When all should bloom in hearts unwasted,
I turn me from thy lovely form,
Thy joys unknown, thy sweets untasted.

Then fare thee well, deceitful shade,
Tho' bright the charms that still adorn thee,
Too fondly press'd they with'ring fade,
And all who follow soon must scorn thee.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

All the notice, C. would show
O. P., may be seen below:—

O. P. it seems, how wise! conceives his soul
Will always dwell in dirt, like the dark mole;
Then be content to *sink*, nor envy C.,
If he should *strive to rise*,—be still O. P.
C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Blank Book of a Small Colleger.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, FORTY YEARS AGO.

It was a lovely morning; a remittance had arrived in the very nick of time; my two horses were in excellent condition, and I resolved, with a College chum, to put in execution a long-concerted scheme of driving to London tandem. We sent our horses forward, got others at Cambridge, and tossing Algebra and Anacharsis "to the dog," started in high spirits. We ran up to London in high style—went ball-pitch to the play—and after a quick breakfast at the Bedford, set out with our own horses upon a dashing drive through the West End. We were turning down the Haymarket, and anticipating "joys yet unknown," when, who, to my utter horror and consternation, should I see crossing to meet us, but my old warm-hearted, but severe and peppery uncle, Sir Thomas P—n. Escape was impossible. A cart before, and two carriages behind, made us stationary, and I mentally resigned all idea of ever succeeding to Elmwood Hall and three thousand per annum. Up he came. "What, can I believe my eyes? George! why what the d—l do you do here? Tandem too, by —!" I have it, thought I, as an idea crossed my mind. I looked right and left, as if it were wholly impossible that it could be me he was addressing.—"What! you don't know me, I suppose? Don't know your own uncle? Why, in the name of common sense—pshaw; you've done with that—why, in —— name, sir, an't you at Cambridge?" "At Cambridge, Sir," said I. "At Cambridge, sir," he repeated, mimicking my affected astonishment, "why, I suppose you never were at Cambridge? Never entered the gates at Trinity? Eh! O! you young spendthrift; is this the way you dispose of my allowance? Is this the way you read hard, you young profligate—you young graceless—you young—you—!" Seeing he was getting energetic, I began to be apprehensive of a scene, and resolved to drop the curtain at once. "Really, sir," said I, with as brazen a look as I could summon upon an emergency, "I have not the honor of your acquaintance!" His large eyes assumed a fixed state of astonishment. "Excuse me, but to my knowledge I never saw you before." He began to fidget. "Make no apologies; they are unnecessary. Your next rencontre will, I hope be more fortunate. You will find your country cousin, no doubt, in Green-Street; and so, old buck, bye, bye." The cart was removed, and we drove off yet not without seeing him in a paroxysm of rage, half frightful, half ludicrous, toss his hat on the ground, and hearing him exclaim, "He disowns me! the jackanapes disowns his own uncle, by ——." Phil. Chichester's look of amazement at this finished stroke of impudence, is present, at this instant, to my memory. I think I see his face, which at no time had more impression than a turnip, assume that air of a pensive simpleton, d'un mouton, qui reve, which he so often and so successfully exhibited over a quadratic equation. "Well, George, what's to be done now? We're dished—dished—dished—utterly dished." "Not while I've two such tits as these fresh, Phil," was my reply. "So adieu to town, and hey for Cambridge."—"Cambridge?"—"Instantly—not a moment to be lost. My uncle will post there with four horses immediately, and my only chance of avoiding that romantic misfortune of being cut off with a shilling, is to be there before him." Without settling our bill at the Inn, or making a single arrangement, we rattled back to Cambridge. Never shall I forget the mental anxiety which I endured on my way there. Every thing was against us. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the roads were wretched. The traces broke—turnpike gates shut—droves of sheep and strings of carts impeded our progress, but in spite of all these abstacles, we reached the College gates in less than six hours. "Has Sir Thomas been here?" I inquired of the porter, with illconcealed emotion. "No, Sir." Phil. thanked God and took courage. "If he does, tell him so and so," said I, giving voracious Joseph his instructions, and putting a guinea in his hand to sharpen his memory. "Phil, my dear fellow, don't show your face out of College for this fortnight. You twig? Good."

"Permitte Divis coetera."

I had barely time to change my dress, to have my toga and trencher beside me, Newton and Euripides, before me, and Optics, Mechanics, Hydrostatics strewed in learned confusion around me, when my uncle drove up to the gate. "Porter, I wish to see Mr. P—n; is he in his rooms?" "Yes, sir, I took a parcel of books to him there ten minutes ago!"—This was not the first bouncer the Essence of Truth, as Thomas was known through College, had told for me, nor the last he was well paid for. "Reads very hard, I dare say?" observed the Baronet, in his soft, winning voice. "No doubt of that, I believe, sir." "You audacious varlet, how dare you look me in the face, and tell such a falsehood?—You know he's not in Cambridge."—"Not in Cambridge, as I hope—" "None of your hopes or fears to me.—Show me his rooms, I say, and show me himself." He had now reached my staircase, and never shall I forget his look of astonishment, of amazement bordering upon incredulity, when I calmly came forward, took his hand, and welcomed him to Cambridge. "My dear sir, how are you? What lucky wind has blown you here?" "What? George! who—what—why—ecod, I must be dreaming." "How happy I am to see you." I ran on—"How kind of you to come! How well you're looking!" "Eh! What? D——n if I know where I am! Why, it is not possible! Good Lord, how people may be deceived! My dear George,"—speaking rapidly—"I met two fellows, in a tandem, in the Haymarket, one of them so like you in every particular, that I hailed him at once. The puppy disowned me—affected to make a jest of me, and drove off. On my soul my hair stood on end, and my blood was in a boil. I drove down directly with four horses to tell your tutor, to tell the master, to tell the whole College, that I would have nothing more to do with you; that I would be responsible for your debts no longer, to enclose you fifty pounds, and disown you forever."

"My dear sir, how singular!"

"Singular! I wonder at perjury no longer. For my part, I would have gone into any Court of Justice, and have taken my oath it was you. I never saw such a likeness. Your Father and the fellow's mother were well acquainted, or I'm mistaken. The air, the height, the voice, all but the manner, and d——e that was *not* yours. No—no—you never would have treated your uncle so."

"How rejoiced I am that—"

"Rejoiced! So am I. I would not but have been undeceived for a thousand guineas. Nothing but seeing you here so quiet, so studious, so immersed in mathematics, would have convinced me. Ecod, I can't tell you how I was startled. I had been told some queer stories, to be sure, about your Cambridge etiquette. I heard that two Cambridge men, one of Trinity, the other of St. John's, had met on the top of Vesuvius, and they thought they knew each other by name and reputation, yet never having been formally introduced, like two simpletons they looked at each other in silence, and left the mountain separately and without speaking. And it was only last week, that cracked fellow-commoner, Meadows, showed me a carricature, taken from the life, representing a Cantab drowning, and another gownsman standing on the brink, exclaiming—'O! that I had the honor of being introduced to that man, that I might have taken the liberty of saving him!' But —— it, thought I, he never would carry so far with his uncle. I never heard that your father was a gay man," continued he, musing, "but as you sit in that light, the likeness is—" I moved instantly. "It's impossible, you know it's impossible. Come, my dear boy, come—people, though electrified, must dine. Who could he be? Never were two people so alike!" We dined at the Inn, spent the last evening together, and instead of the fifty, the "*last fifty*," he generously gave me a draft for three times the amount. He left Cambridge the next morning, and his last words were, as he entered his carriage, "My brother *was* a handsome man and there *was* a Lady Somebody, who the world said, was partial to him. She may have a son. Most surprising likeness! God bless you! Read hard, you young dog, read hard. Like as two brothers! Who the d—l could he be?" I never saw him again.

His death which happened a few months afterwards, in consequence of his being *bit* in a bet contracted when he was "a little elevated," left me the heir to his estate—I wish I could add, to his many and noble virtues. I do not attempt to palliate deception, it is always criminal. But, I am sure, no severity, no reprimand, no reproaches, would have had half the effect which his kindness, his confidence, and his generosity wrought on me. It reformed me thoroughly, and at once. I did not see London again till I had graduated; and if my degree was unaccompanied by brilliant honors, it did not disgrace my uncle's liberality or his name. Many years have elapsed since our last interview, but I never reflect on it without pain and pleasure—pain, that our last intercourse on earth should have been marked by circumstances of the grossest deception—and pleasure, that the serious reflections it awakened, cured me for ever of all wish to deceive, and made the open and strait-forward path of life, that of

THE SEXAGENARIAN.

Method of saving three shillings.—A laborer of Bridgewater having been severely scolded by his wife for neglecting his work, endeavored to appease her wrath by informing her that he had, since morning, saved three shillings; having drank at one of the illegal cider shops, twelve quarts of cider, at three pence per quart, for which, had he drank it at an inn, he must have paid sixpence.—*Eng. pap.*

Messieurs Smiths.—Every body knows that Smith is a very common name, but hardly any body would have thought of turning its commonness to account in such a queer and cruel way as a "gentleman" did the other night, at one of the theatres. Entering the pit at half price, and finding every seat occupied, he bawled out "Mr. Smith's house is on fire,"—in an instant, upwards of twenty Mr. Smiths rushed out of the pit, and our wicked wag, chuckling at the success of his stratagem, coolly took possession of one of the vacated seats.
Lon. pap.

Some soldiers once fell upon a watchman in a small town, in a lonely street, and took away his money and coat. He immediately repaired to the captain of the regiment, to complain of his misfortune. The captain asked him whether he had on the waistcoat he then wore, when he was robbed by the soldiers. 'Yes sir,' replied the poor fellow.'—'Then my friend,' rejoined the captain, 'I can assure you they do not belong to my company; otherwise they would have left you neither waistcoat nor shirt.'

Bishop Burnett, from absence of mind, drew to the Duchess of Marlborough, a strong picture of herself. Dining with this celebrated lady, after the disgrace of her husband, Burnett was comparing him to Belisarius. "But how," said she, "could so great a general be so abandoned?" "Oh, madam," replied the Bishop, "do you not know what a brimstone of a wife he had?"

A Frenchman stopping at a tavern asked for Jacob—"There is no such person here," said the landlord. "'Tis not any person I want, sare; but de beer make warm wid de poker." "Well," answered the landlord, "that is flip." "Ah! yes sare, you are in de right; I mean *Phillip*."

*A beggar said unless he was helped to a little money he should be driven to do a deed he shuddered at. What is that? said a [illegible] "O," said he, "I should be driven to w[illegible]

FOR SALE,

CENTRALLY situated in *Turner Village*, about [illegible] half acre of LAND, lying between the main road running through said Village and Twenty Mile River.—Together with an elegant two-story DWELLING HOUSE, WOOD HOUSE and one half of a LARGE STABLE situated thereon, and a good WELL OF WATER. Said Stand is a rare chance for any mechanic, being the centre of the town, and situated near three Stores, Saw-mill, Grist-mill, Carding-machine, Oil-mill, Fulling-mill, &c. It also affords a good stand for a Trader or an Innholder. Purchasers would do well to call and see for themselves; and as the subscriber is about closing his business to remove from town, they may depend upon very fair terms and pay made easy. Those who calculate to purchase, are wished to call before the first of October, as the property if not sold before that time, will be disposed of in a different manner.
ISAAC BONNEY, 2d.
Turner Village, August 8, 1825. tf 58

STRAYED OR STOLEN

FROM the Pasture of JAMES THOMPSON, in *Buckfield*, a red HORSE, four years old, with one white hind foot, and a dark red spot on each side, occasioned by a gall. Whoever will secure said Horse or give information to the subscriber, shall be rewarded for their trouble. NICHOLAS HALL.
Buckfield, Aug. 3. 53[3]

NOTICE.

TAKEN up by the subscriber, a black, three year old *mare* COLT, with one white spot on the side of the left hind foot—trots all. The owner is requested to come and prove property, pay charges, and take her away. PHILLIP C. MASON.
Paris, Aug. 5th, 1825. 53

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEAVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.
☞Orders for any quantity executed at short notice. Portland, Feb. 15.—tf 34

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate holden at Fryeburg, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five:

ON the petition of *JANE COFFIN*, administratrix of the estate of JAMES COFFIN, late of *Porter*, in said County, Esquire, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of *two thousand, seven hundred, thirty dollars and sixty-two cents*, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at *Rumford*, in said County, on the *second Tuesday of September* next, at ten of the clock, A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. BENJA. CHANDLER, *Judge*.
A true Copy, Attest: THOMAS WEBSTER, *Register*.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Executrix of the last Will and Testament of
HENRY GORDON,
late of *Fryeburg*, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to SARAH P. GORDON.
Fryeburg, Aug. 2, 1825. 58

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of JOHN ATHERTON, Jr.
late of *Waterford*, in the County of Oxford, Esquire, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to JOHN ATHERTON.
Waterford, Aug. 1, 1825. 58[*]

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE

ON RUFUS BARKER'S ESTATE.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of RUFUS BARKER, late of *Waterford*, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice, that six months from the first day of August instant, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that we shall attend that service at the office of CHARLES WHITMAN, in said Waterford, on the first Saturdays of October and December next, at two o'clock, in the afternoon of said days.
DANIEL BROWN, } *Commissioners.*
CHARLES WHITMAN, }
Waterford, Aug. 2, 1825. 58[*]

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE......*Waterford.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following lots and parts of lots of Land, in *Waterford*, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, to collect for the year 1824; town tax and deficiency of highway tax, for the year 1823, as follows, viz:

Proprietors.	No. Lots.	No. Range.	No. Acres.	Value.	Town tax.	Highway tax 1823.	Total.
Unknown,	11	13	160	$98	$2,06	$2,32	$4,38
Do.	11	12	160	64	1,34	1,52	2,86
Do.	11	11	160	64	1,34	1,52	2,86
Do.	6	11	160	25	0,53	0,00	0,53
Do.	7	11	160	100	2,10	2,37	4,47
Do.	12	1	160	23	0,48	0,54	1,02
Do. W. part,	12	5	60	37	0,78	0,88	1,66
Do.	4	8	160	127	2,67	3,02	5,69
Do.	6	14	160	98		2,32	2,32
Do.	9	13	160	75		1,69	1,69
Do.	12	9	160	98		2,32	2,32
Do.	11	3	160	50		0,29	0,29
Do.	1	10	160	62		0,36	0,36
Do. N. part,	4	1	100	67		1,60	1,60
Do. N. part,	6	7	16	50		0,54	0,54
Do. W. part,	7	10	50	37		0,67	0,67

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening [illegible] are paid to me the subscriber, on or before the [illegible] day of September next, at nine o'clock, [illegible] of each of said lots and parts of lots [illegible] pay said taxes and charges, will then be sold [illegible] to the highest bidder, at the house of [illegible] in said Waterford.
WM. MORSE, Jr. *Collector of Waterford, for the year 1824.*
Waterford, Aug. 2, 1825. 58[*]

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, SS. JULY 30, 1825.

TAKEN by virtue of Execution, and to be sold at Public Vendue, on Monday the twenty-ninth day of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the dwelling-house of Capt. SAMUEL PUMPILLY, in *Turner*, in said County, all the right in equity of redemption which Capt. SAMUEL PUMPILLY has in and to the Farm on which he now lives, and is the same Farm which the said Pumpilly mortgaged to Capt. Aaron Soul of Turner.
HASTINGS STRICKLAND, Jr.
53 *Deputy Sheriff.*

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has taken the shop of Mr. JACOB JACKSON, and will carry on the
BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS
in all its usual branches. Work of every description wanted in the country will be done at the shortest notice. EDGE TOOLS made and repaired. Customers will at all times find him at his shop, and no exertion will be spared to give perfect satisfaction.
CYRUS B. NORRIS.
Paris, July 16, 1825. 55 tf

[illegible]
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
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For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.
No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.
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VOLUME II.

"AGE is the [illegible]
Compound of [illegible]
For when the [illegible]
It comes to m[illegible]

The down-hill [illegible]
Unless the lon[illegible]
Our youthful [illegible]
We feel the ef[illegible]
What then can [illegible]
Which guided [illegible]
'Tis PIETY, on[illegible]
When bending [illegible]
Old age is a bu[illegible]
But those who [illegible]
Th' sincere, hu[illegible]
While his eyes [illegible]

The Bible [illegible] and infirmitie[illegible] vehicle of th[illegible] the same tim[illegible] companied b[illegible] No other boo[illegible] tively and so [illegible] moral sense [illegible] sublime and [illegible] that perfect [illegible] and pervaded [illegible] brings life and [illegible] the publication [illegible] the scrutiny [illegible] of a future st[illegible] teries of Prov[illegible] life, to recon[illegible] present condi[illegible] fortitude and [illegible] when all othe[illegible] the abodes of [illegible] der the press[illegible] man misery. [illegible] and deep fou[illegible] the hopes of [illegible] the Redeeme[illegible] code of mora[illegible] only overwhe[illegible] but they confi[illegible] systems, by s[illegible] feeble efforts [illegible] der the sway [illegible] and enlighten[illegible] of science and [illegible]

The Scripture[illegible] we have go[illegible] brought home [illegible] of every peo[illegible] inestimable b[illegible] y and happin[illegible] ole globe.

The genet[illegible] most effectua[illegible] mankind; to [illegible] tem of public[illegible] just precepts [illegible] to enforce the[illegible] ance, justice [illegible] the relations [illegible]

It is well k[illegible] of moral dut[illegible] imperfect ob[illegible] in the cogniza[illegible] others, are th[illegible] gratitude, and [illegible] ty, and the le[illegible] necessarily le[illegible] degree to the [illegible] the Bible tak[illegible] most pointedl[illegible] elty, unkind[illegible] and hardness [illegible] the civil law [illegible] cision of its [illegible] severity of its [illegible]

Human law[illegible] imperfections [illegible] only. They [illegible] crimes, which [illegible] ness, save th[illegible] whose prese[illegible] laws reach t[illegible] carry their sa[illegible] of the heart. [illegible] Bible supply [illegible] and lend an [illegible] of justice.

"Swear not [illegible] yea, yea, nay, [illegible] cometh of evil.

Such are th[illegible] as never ma[illegible] regard is pai[illegible] habit of prof[illegible] ing degree, a[illegible] ionable that i[illegible] as a crime. [illegible] dren, as they [illegible] tions in the s[illegible] that the mo[illegible] mouths, "fa[illegible] we must conc[illegible] such things a[illegible] them better. [illegible] think, (as he[illegible] many instanc[illegible] their fellow [illegible]